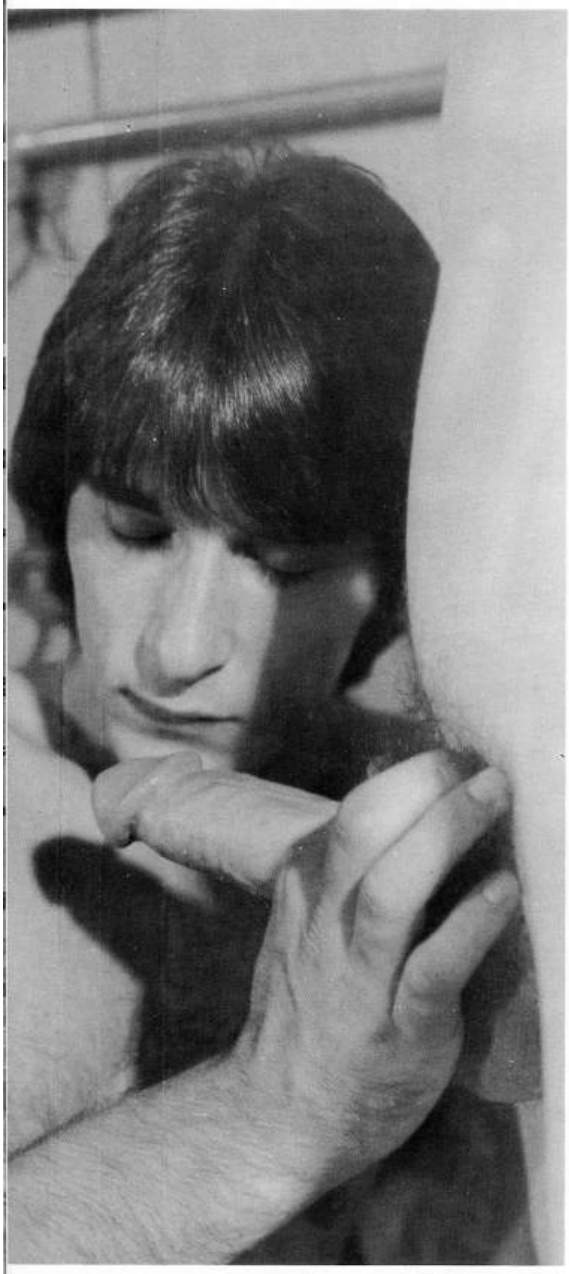

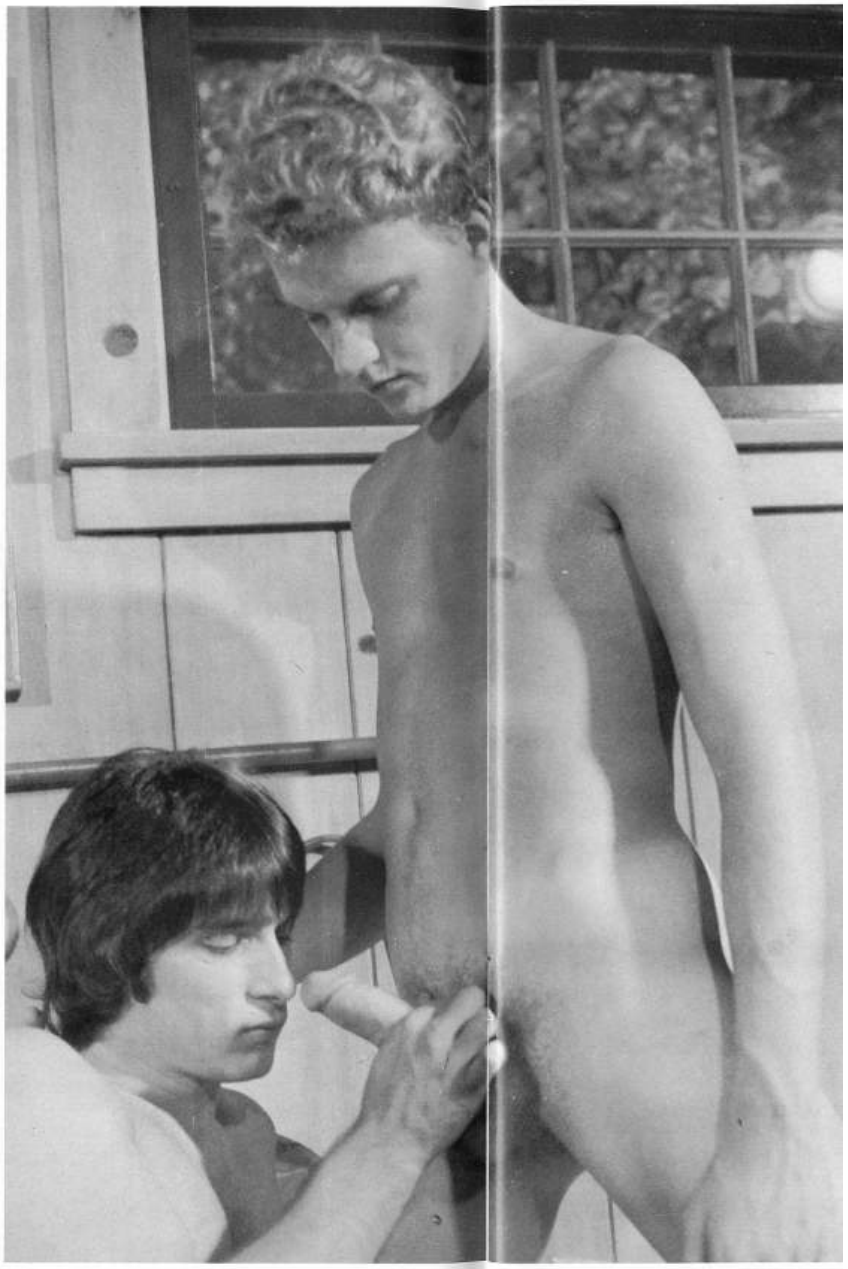

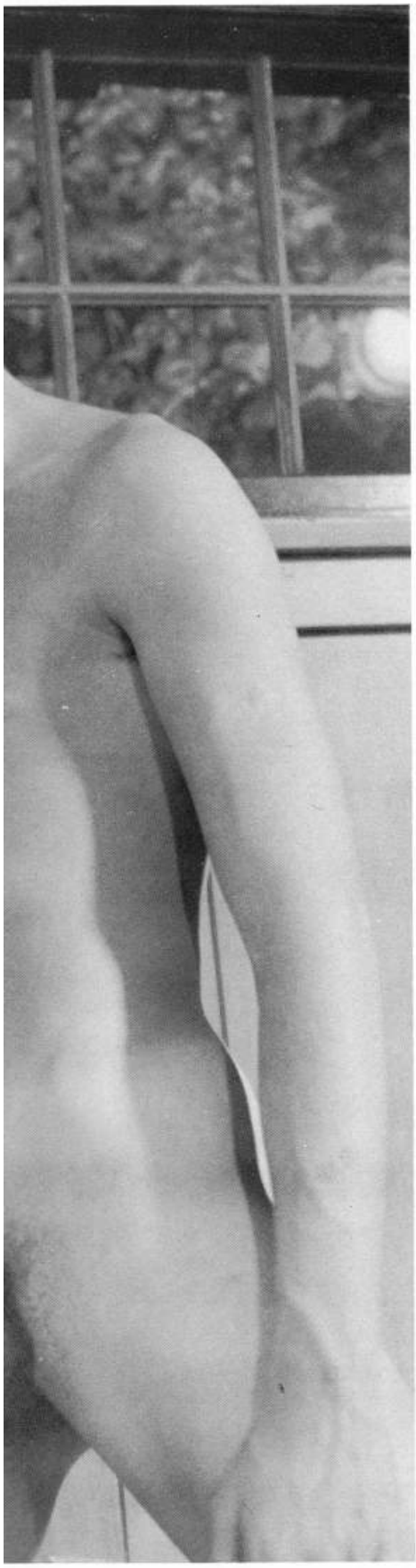

his stiff prick from his pants, and settled in to watch as long as he could remain undiscovered.

Rod felt guilty at letting Ross do all the work while he just knelt there and enjoyed the warmth of his friend's mouth wrapped erotically around his joint. He leaned forward and kissed Ross, allowing his kisses to trail down across his chest and stomach until he had taken Ross' stiff cock into his own mouth to return the delightful attention he had been given. He dropped to his knees beside the bed, his torso bent to his work, and hungrily attacked Ross' straining, succulent shaft of hot flesh.

Gary unbuttoned the front of his pants and allowed them to gape open, his cock hanging freely out into the air. His hand wrapped around his meat and pulled with an increasing tempo as he studied the smooth softness of Rod's

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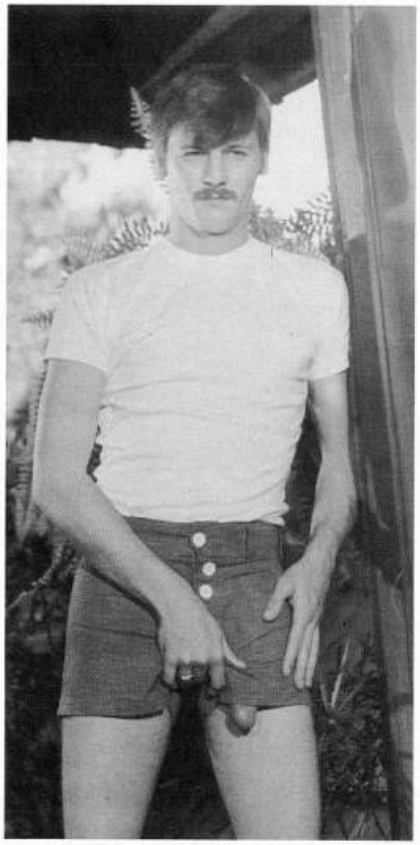
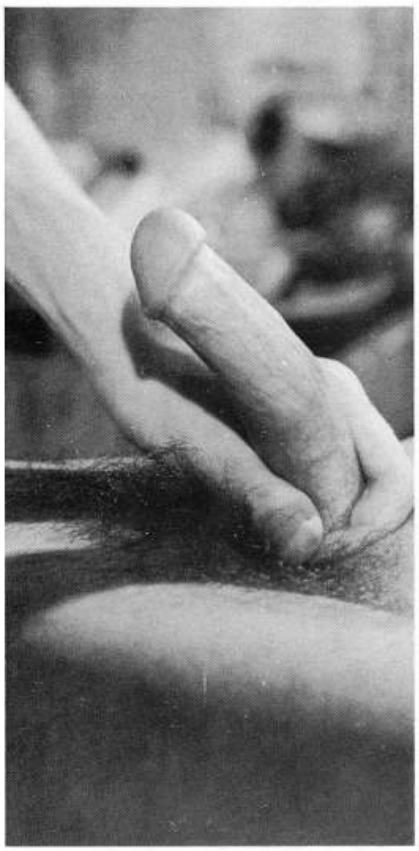


backside as the new lover swayed back and forth slowly in the throes of his lovemaking. How Gary longed to be getting it on with this blond beauty himself! If only Ross weren't such a good friend, so that Gary could steal this hunk away with a clear conscience! He tried to imagine that erotic mouth around his prick and those gentle arms around his body. His prick strained even more as the images raced through his mind.

He saw Rod moving onto the bed, kneeling over Ross' face again, and he thrilled to the exotic little quivering in the flesh of his butt with his every move.

Ross lay back flat on his back and looked up at his lover towering above him on the bed. He ran his hands up the long, smooth legs, across the soft ass, and around the slim waist. A little pressure on the small of Rod's



back urged those hips down closer, so he could take that thick dong into his mouth and savor the taste of his lover once more. Propping his head up on the pillow, Ross eagerly swallowed the stiff meat, sucking and stroking at it with his tongue and the sides of his mouth. Rod pressed forward rhythmically, setting a slow, sensuous pace for the blow job. Picking up Rod's tempo, Ross sucked gently and enjoyed the heat of that tool in his mouth.

Rod maneuvered into a position straddling Ross' face, his prick in the brunet's mouth, from which he could look down the long, muscular body of his buddy. He watched for a moment with increasing excitement as Ross beat himself off, but soon Rod could keep away from it no longer, and he knelt forward and took over the work on Ross' cock, while Ross continued to give him head.

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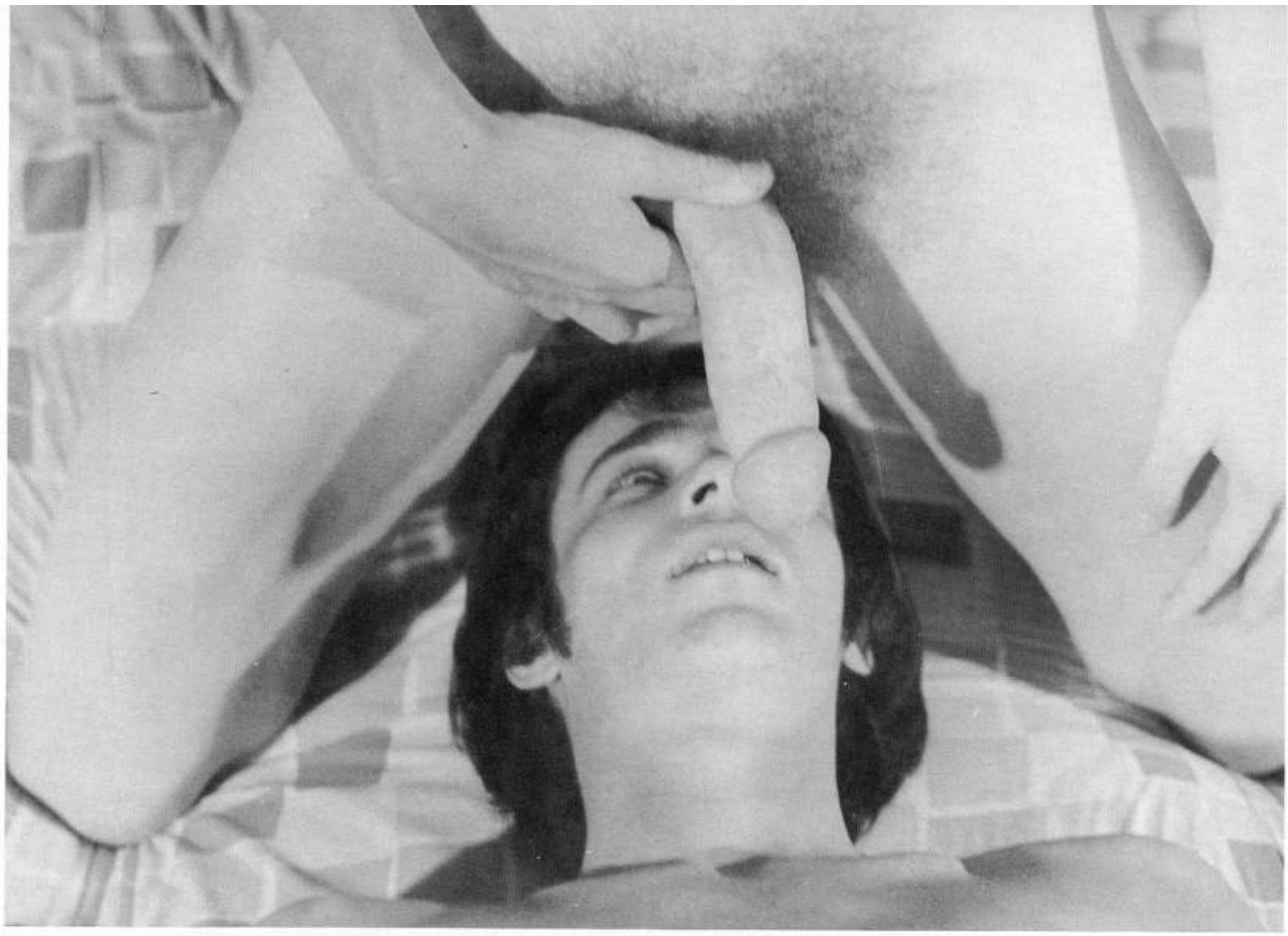
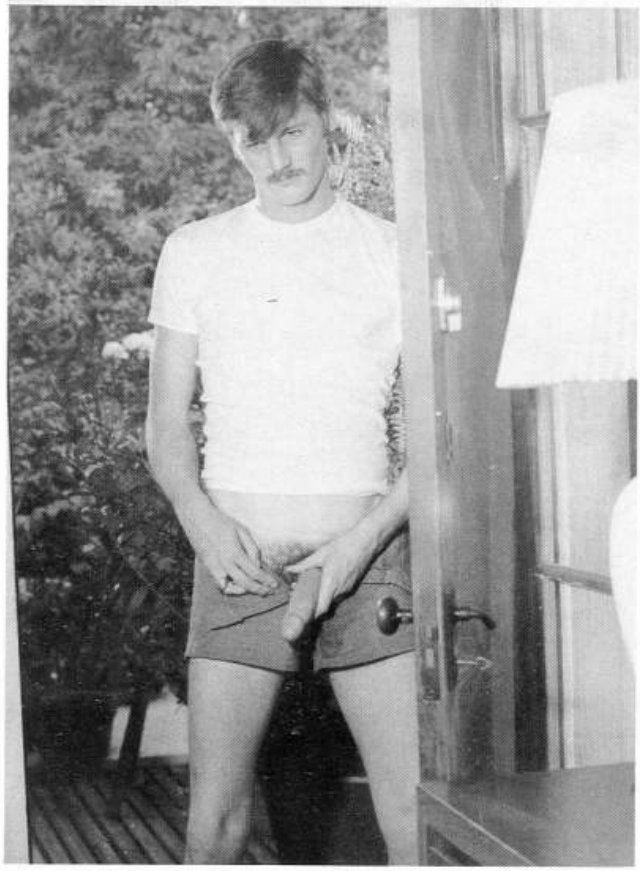
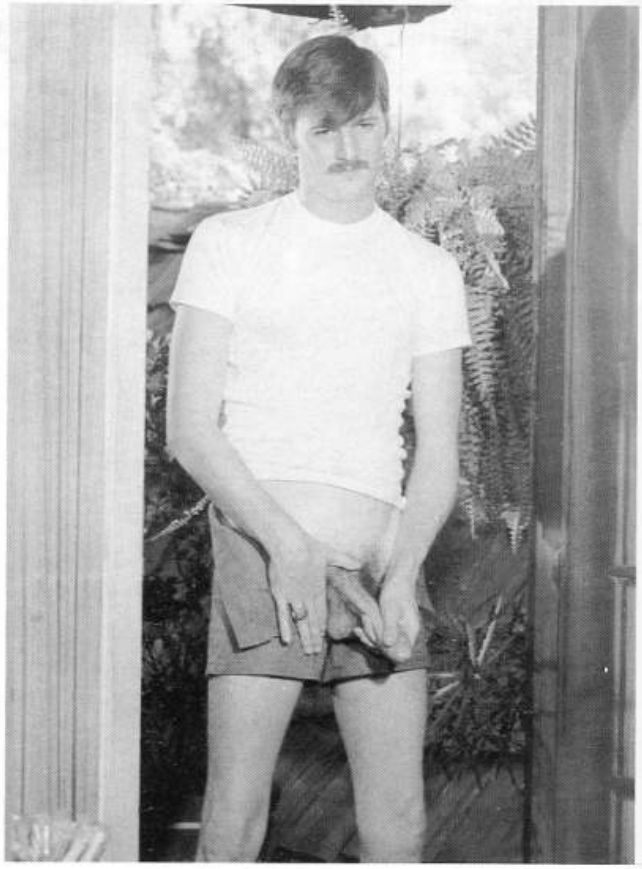


The boys were now in a classic sixty-nine, Ross lying flat out on the bed, Rod kneeling atop him, and each sucking hungrily at the other's prick.

Gary was getting hotter and hotter watching the two handsome guys going at it on the bed, especially since he couldn't get as good a look as he wanted from the French doors. He could see that the small, high window near the head of the bed was open, and he decided to be daring. As quietly as he could, he tiptoed around to the window. Sure enough, he had a beautiful view of the bed and the action on it through the window.

By now the two boys, locked in a passionate embrace, had rolled over into a reversed position. Now Rod lay on the bed and Ross squatted over him, but still they worked anxiously on each other's joints. That much had not changed. Rod thrilled to the feel of his





new lover's mouth as he worked his way erotically up and down his stiff prick. Moving in with this dude was the most exciting, important thing that had ever happened to him, Rod thought.

Ross, meanwhile, was thinking much the same thing as he bent over the beautiful blond and worked on his meat. His hands stroked the length of Rod's body, exploring this still largely unfamiliar territory in a desperate effort to learn every hill and valley.

Trembling from the strain of his position, Ross let himself down on the bed beside Rod, never for a moment letting go of his hot prick. Now the two lovers lay side by side, stroking and clutching at each other's bodies and eagerly giving each other head.

Ross could feel the excitement in his friend's body by now as Rod's balls contracted against his

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warm body and began churning up a hot load of cum for Ross to suck out of them. He knew that Rod, too, was feeling the growing tension and excitement in his own body. They would have to break and catch their breaths in a few moments or they would both be exploding with their male juices, and it was much too early in the evening to spend themselves, yet! In a moment they would break, but just now that meat tasted much too good. Just one more lash of the tongue, one more delicate taste of cockhead, and then they fell apart and lay there gasping for breath and holding back their imminent ejaculations.

Gary stretched to see in the window, and his pants, wide open so he could beat his meat as he watched, slipped down over his slim hips, dropping off his slender thighs and falling to the ground.

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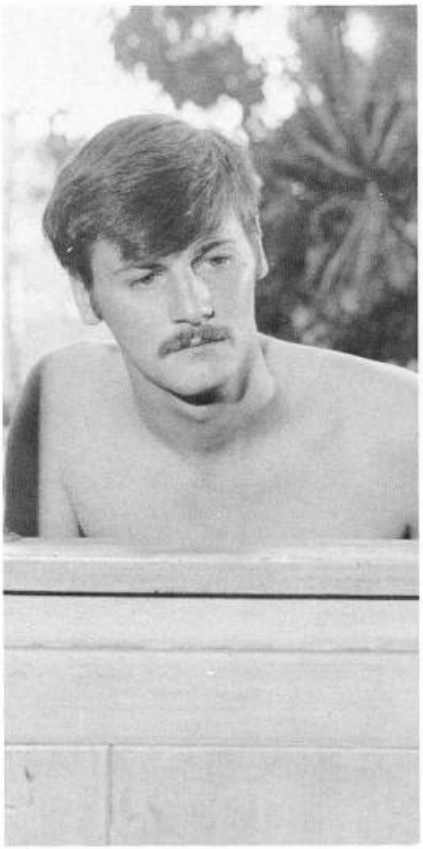

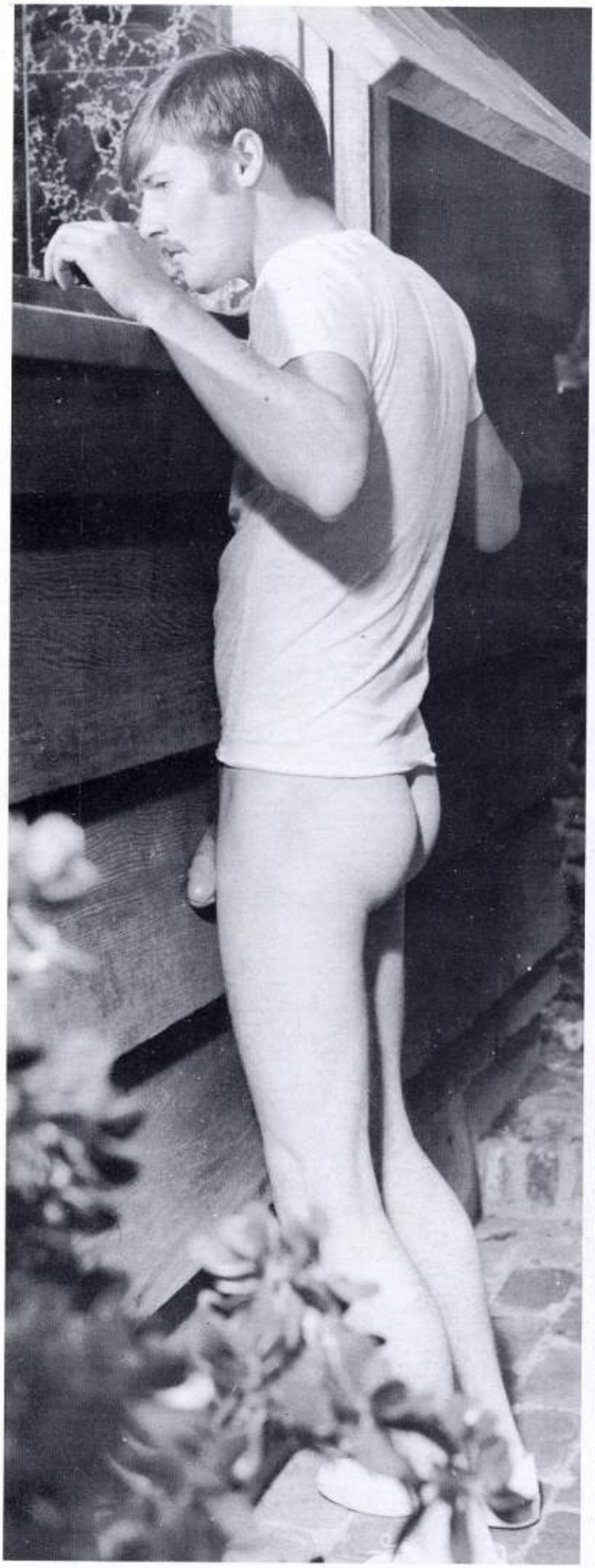

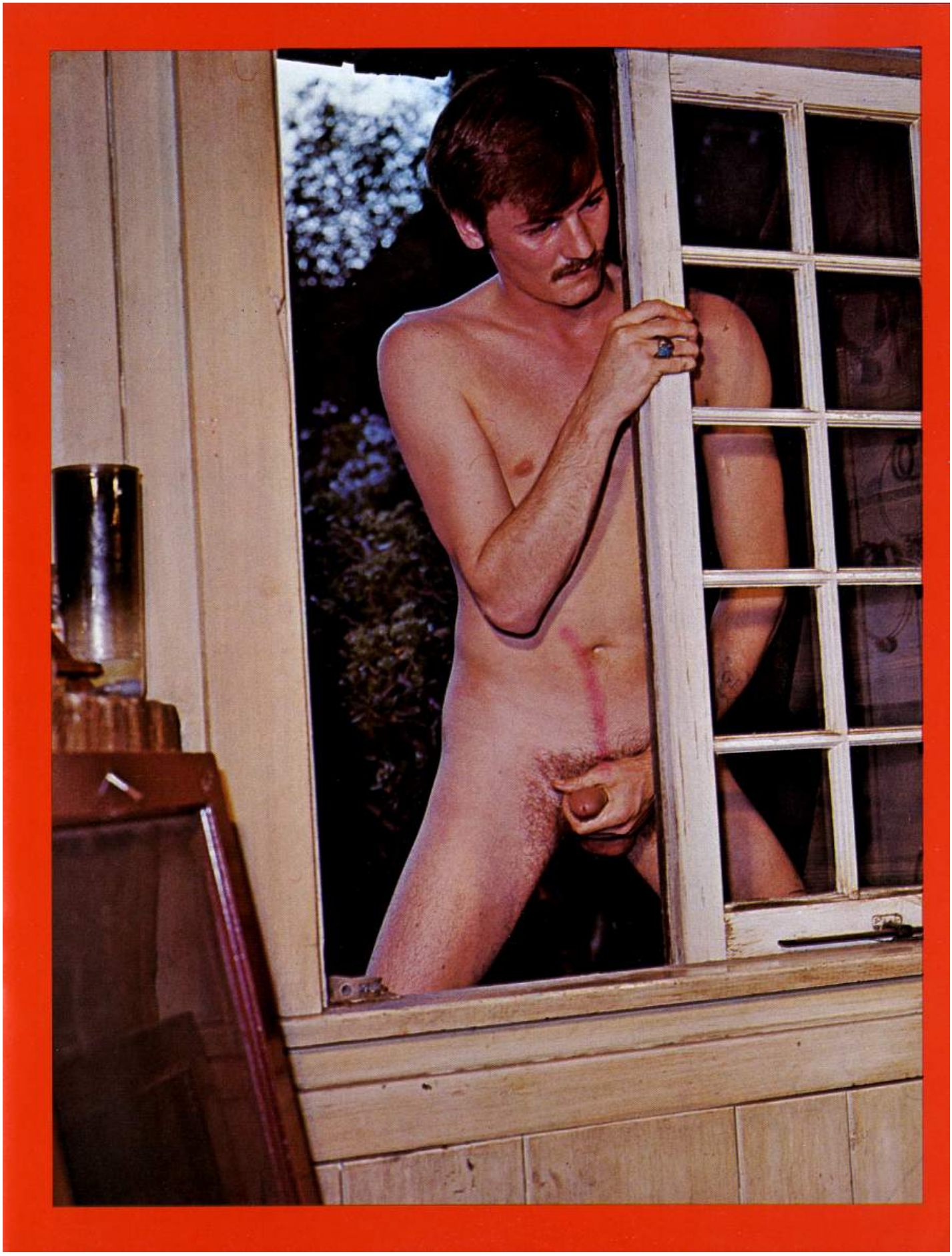

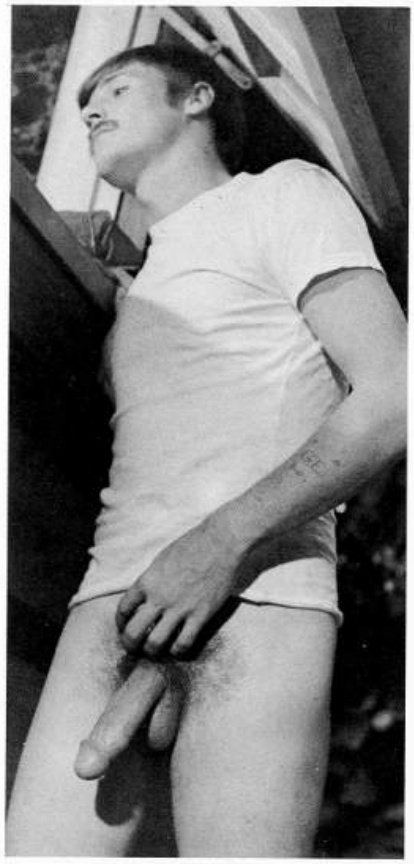

Absently, Gary stepped out of them, afraid to take his eyes off the bed for an instant for fear of missing some erotic thrill. He surveyed the two naked bodies lustfully, yanking at his straining dick with an ever-increasing urgency. Even as they lay there silently, immobile, they were so sexy, Gary could hardly keep from gasping out loud and giving his presence away. He fairly held his breath until they moved again.

While they lay recovering, Ross and Rod had been idly allowing their hands to explore each other's bodies. Ross had been gently stroking the blond's wide chest, tweaking his nipples playfully. At the same time, Rod's hands had found their way around the brunet's waist, his hands softly kneading the beautifully rounded ass-

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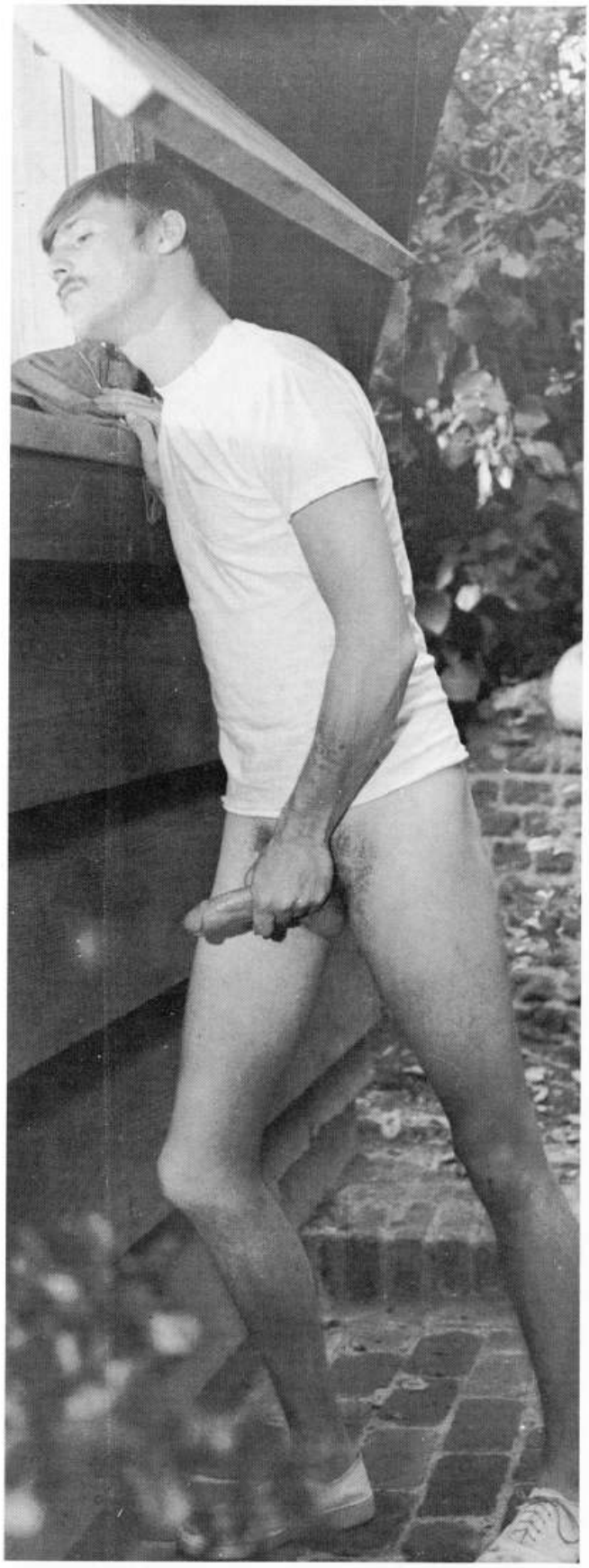

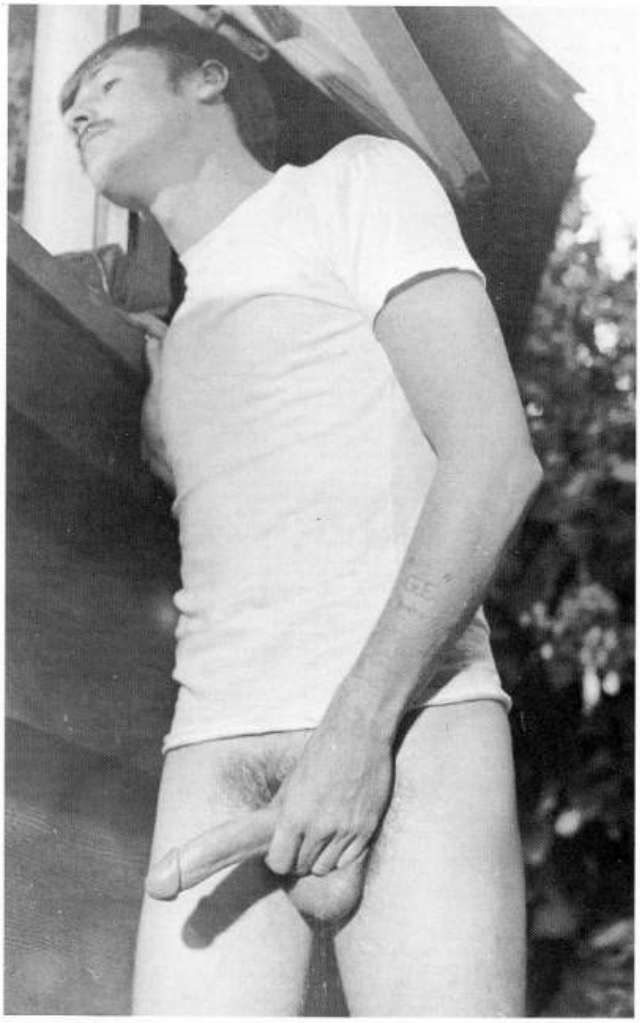

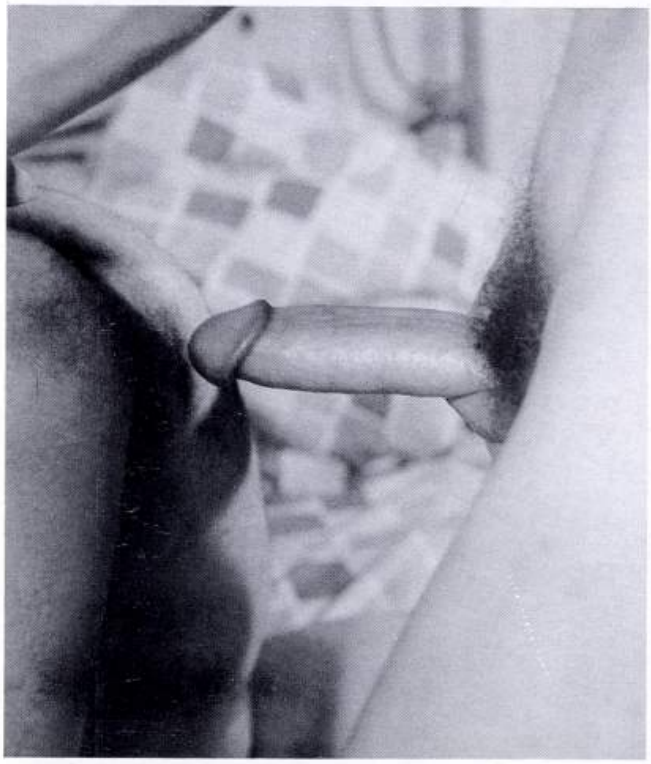

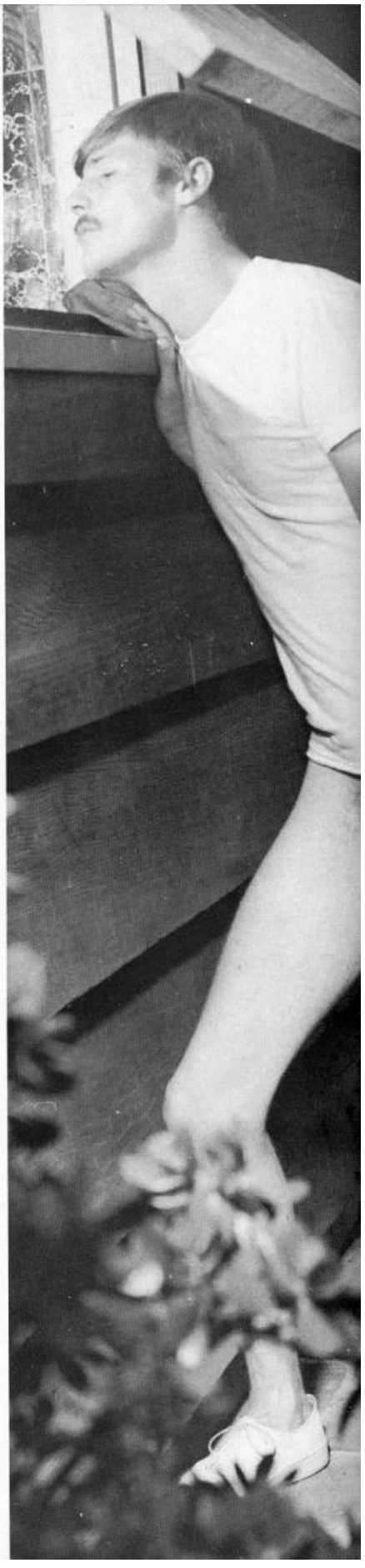

cheeks that Rod desired so lustfully. Each hand cupped one melon-shaped bun while his fingers pressed in between the two cheeks and found the tiny asshole buried in the hot cleft.

As Rod's fingers cautiously violated his buddy's hole, Ross felt the excited tremor along his spine that came only with a very good, very skillful fucking—the kind that he knew from highly pleasurable experience Rod could give so well! As soon as he felt that he could get back to it without spraying hot cum across the room, Ross automatically got to his hands and knees, thrusting his round little fanny up toward Rod and wiggling it provocatively.

Rod was ready and eager to get into that gorgeous bottom. He felt his prick straining with eager anticipation as he knelt behind his buddy and maneuvered up behind

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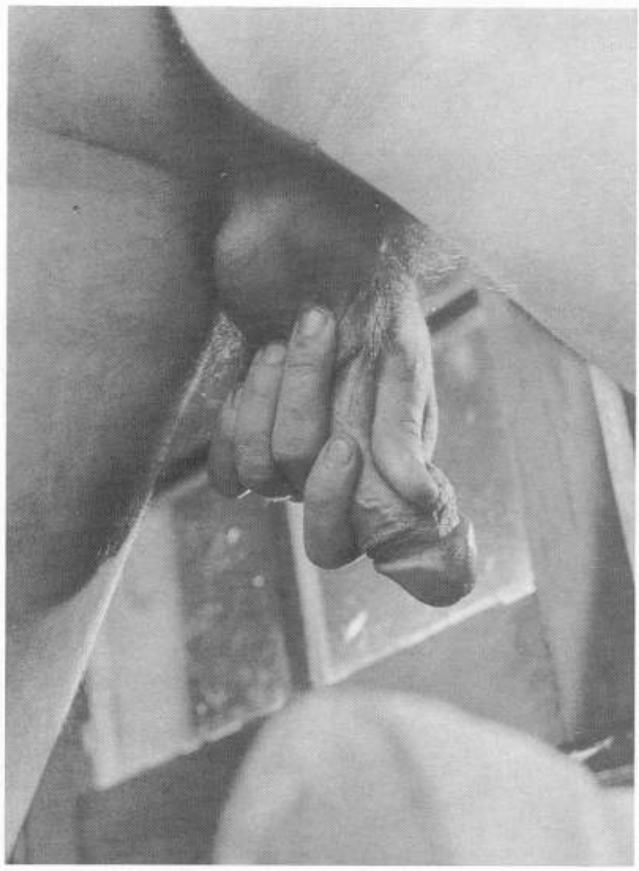
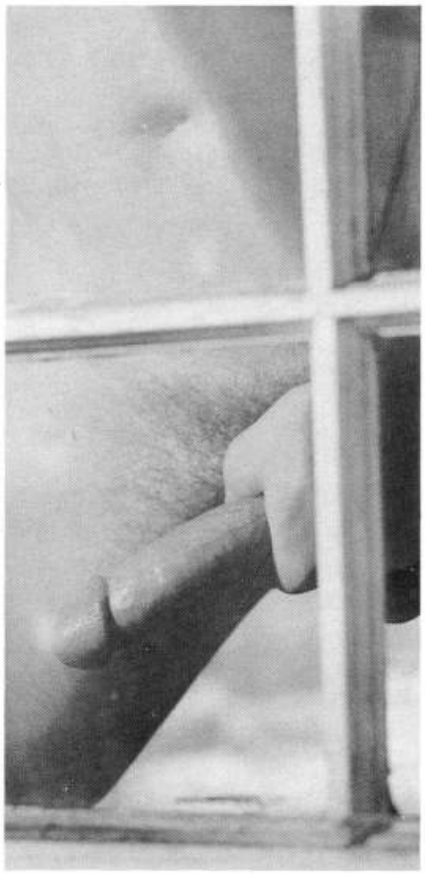


the waiting asshole. The blond pressed his cockhead against the soft asscheeks of his lover and pushed forward just slightly, thrilling to the feel of his cockhead sinking into the hot cleft. Then he was up against the tight little hole, and with another urgent forward thrust of his hips, he felt his friend's muscles ease and give way. With a smooth, even thrust, he was buried in Ross' bowels, clear up to his belly. The warm pillows of Ross' buns felt delightfully right against his trembling body.

Ross gripped the edge of the bed and held tight. He loved getting screwed, and of course he would let Rod—beautiful, loving Rod—do it anyway. Still, it hurt him, and he couldn't get used to the pain no matter how often he turned bottoms up for somebody. And since everybody seemed to think that he had an unusually nice bottom, that was pretty often. So Ross gripped the bed and clenched his teeth with the strain while Rod pumped at his asshole with ever-increasing urgency.

Gary felt the cum beginning to boil up in his balls. Oh, God! How he longed to be in there screwing the beautiful buttocks of his friend Ross, being screwed by the great, thick cock of Ross' friend Rod, doing, in fact, anything with either of them! He stood on his tiptoes, but as his balls strained more and more with their load of jism, the strain of his position became more and more uncomfortable. He saw that the other window, the one with the little shed beneath it, was also open, and so he quickly slipped around the corner of the house to that one. Stripping off his T-shirt, he clambered, stark-naked, up onto the shed and pushed the window open so he could see clearly into the room. His whole groin was alive with an insistent tingling, and he pulled mightily at his throbbing cock as he watched.

Ross was flat on his back now, his head rolling back and forth at



the lower corner of the bed. Rod knelt between Ross' legs, holding Ross' hips up off the bed, and screwing the living daylights out of the boy's firm, white butt. With each eager thrust of Rod's prick into his guts, Ross gasped loudly. Every second or third gasp sounded like "More!" or "Harder!" or "Yes, yes, yes!"

Rod pushed Ross' knees back into the air, bending him double at the waist and exposing his asshole more nakedly to his attack. Ross sighed out his pleasure and pushed even harder against his lover with his buttocks. It wasn't long now for Rod, and they both knew it!

Gary pulled more frantically on his joint as Rod's expectant gasps grew louder. He felt the cum churning in his nuts, and he knew that no power on earth could hold him in now!

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Rod slammed against Ross' asscheeks again and again, feeling the tingling in his loins growing in intensity until he thought that he could not stand it any longer. But he knew he could—for just another minute. Another thrust of his hips, and then another, and suddenly he felt his cum boiling up out of his balls and exploding out of his prick into Ross' hot bowels. Ross cried out in delight.

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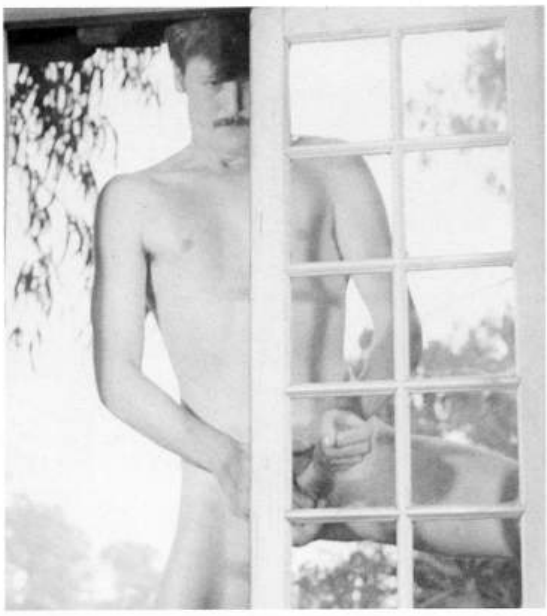
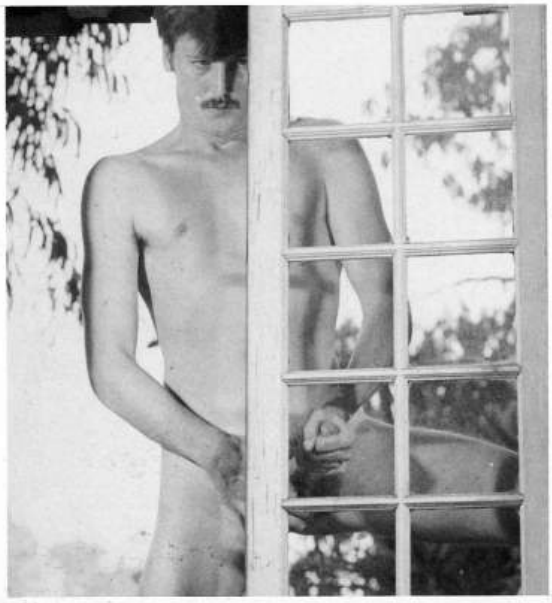
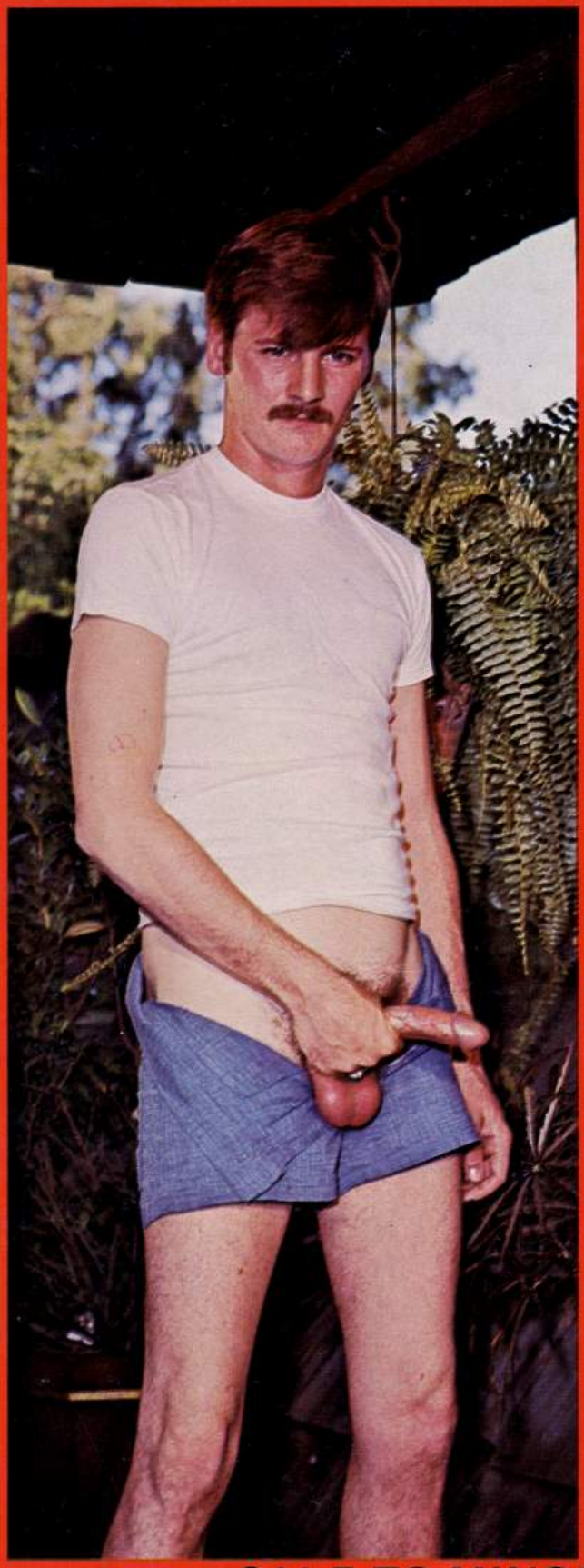
Gary felt himself cumming, and he took in a lungful of breath and held it frantically to keep from screaming out loud. The tip of his cock exploded and he heard the soft PLOP of his thick, hot cum splashing across the glass pane of the window.

Rod collapsed beside his buddy on the bed, exhausted. They lay there in silence, catching their breath and recovering from the hot, animalistic session of sex. Soon they were gently petting at each other again, and at the touch of those loving hands on their sex-charged bodies, the two limp cocks stirred again and returned to expectant life.







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